

No. **158**

Sixpence.

THE NEW
BRITISH THEATRE.

(LATE DUNCOMBE'S.)

PAUL CLIFFORD

PUBLISHED BY THE PROPRIETOR,
THOMAS HAILES LACY,
THEATRICAL BOOKSELLER,
89, STRAND,
Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,
LONDON.

THE NEW BRITISH THEATRE.

PRICE SIXPENCE—BY POST EIGHTPENCE.—IN VOLUMES AT 5S. EACH.

VOL. I.

1 Love in a Village	51 Black Beard	105 Walter Brand	157 Doves in a Cage
2 Sylvester Dagger-wood	52 Phantom Bride	106 Frank Fox Phipps	158 Paul Clifford
3 Old Oak Chest	53 Intrigue [ner]	107 Blacksmith	159 Borrow'd Feathers
4	54 P.S.—Come to Din-	108 Bendevious	160 Black Hugh
5 Artaxerxes	55 Margaret's Ghost	109 Prisoner of Ro-	161 Lesson in Love
6 Paul Pry	56 Théodore the Bri-	chelle	VOL. XI.
7 Quindripeds	57 Swing [gand]	110 Tom Cringle	162 Delusion
8 Intimate Friend	58 Mrs. G.	111 Peter Bell	163 Marie
9 Frankenstein	59 Cherry Bounce	112 Mountain King	164 Is She a Woman?
10 Alonzo the Brave	60 Tower of Lochlian	113 Red Crow	165 Painter of Ghent
11 Statue Lover	61 Vampire Bride	VOL. VIII.	166
12 Roebuck	62 Trial by Battle	114 Heiress of Bruges	167
13 Wives by Adver-	63 Victim St. Vin-	115 Deserted Village	
tisement	cent	116 Damp Beds	168 Come to Town
14	64 Love's Dream	117 German Jew	169 Zazezizozu
15 Forty Thieves	VOL. V.	118 Seven Clerks	170 Othello Travestie
16 Plague of Marseilles	65	119 Irresistibles	171 Man about Town

VOL. II.

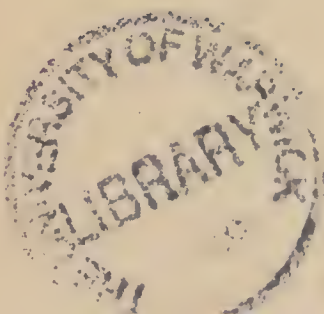
17 Descart the Buc-	66 Dominique	122 Jacob Faithful	174 Farmer's Story
caneer	67 Miller's Maid	123	175 Arnold of Winkel-
18 Will Watch	68 Victorine	124 Day in Paris	176 Mrs. White [ried]
19 Fifteen Years of a	69 Fortune's Frolic	125 Schoolfellows	177 Middy Ashore
Drunkard's Life	70 Haunted Tower	126 Lestocq	VOL. XII.
20 Napoleon [London	71 Distraining for Rent	127 Married Rake	178 Pacha's Bridal
21 Gambler's Life in	72 Is he Jealous?	128 Esther	179 Perils of Pippins
22	73 Printer's Devil	129	180 State Secerets
23 Home, Sweet Home	74 Melmoth the Wan-	VOL. IX.	181 Gaberlunzie Man
24 He's no Conjuror	derer	130 Note Forger	182 Matteo Falcone
25 Red Rover	75 Two Drovers	131 Carimilhan [lock]	183 Kate Kearney
26 Wallace the Hero	76 Call again To-mor-	132 Wenlock of Wen-	184 Minerali
27 Law and Lions	77 Evil Eye [row]	133 Earline.	185 Tradesman's Ball.
28 Demon of the De-	78 Tower of Nesle	134 Beau Nash	186 John English
29 Vidocq [sert]	79 Kenilworth	135 Queen's Jewel	187 Lillian, the Show
30 Lyieshee Lovel	80 Elly O'Connor	136 Capers & Coronets	188 Mummy [Girl]
31 Forest of Bondy	81 Nell Gwynne	137 Cupid in London	189 Ratlin the Reefer
32 Warlock of the Glen	VOL. VI.	138 Catching an	190 Flight to America
33 Nothing Superflu-	82 Bravo, or Bridge	Heiress	191 Last Man
34	of Sighs	139 Station House	192 Roger de Coverley
35 Soldier's Daughter	83 Captain Stevens	140 Seven Sisters	193 Violette
36 Skeleton Hand	84 Factory Lad	141 Who'll Lend me a	VOL. XIII.
37 Wraith of the Lake	85 Earls of Hammer-	Wife?	194 Love is Blind
38 Where shall I Dine	smith	142 Old Oak Tree	195 Mount St Bernard
39 Bampfyld Moore	86 North Pole	143 Covenanters	196 Douglas Travestie
Carew	87 Crossing the Line	144 Hazard of the Die	197 Paul Reprobate
40 Idiot Witness	88 Peerless Pool	145 Yellow Kids	198 Maidens Beware
41 Infanticide	89 Jonathan Bradford	VOL. X.	199 Rival Pages
42 Actress of all Work	90	146 Hunting a Turtle	200 Manfredi
43 Two Eyes between	91 Yeoman's Daughter	147 Spirit of the Rhine	201 False Colours
Two	92 Party Wall	148 King's Command	202 Pickwick Club
44 Blood for Blood	93 Knights of St. John	149	203 Romeo Travestie
45 Maurice the Wood-	94 Lo Zingaro	150 Carmelites	204 Venus in Arms
cutter	95 Nabob for an Hour	151 Bronze Horse	205 Bachelors' But-
46 Dumb Savoyard &	96 Harp of Altenburg	152 Chelsea Pension-	tions
his Monkey	97	ers	206 Wife Travestie
47 Fall of Algiers	98 Tact	153 Widow's Victim	207 Carline
48	99 Gustavus III.	154 Rinaldo Rinal-	208 Death Token
	100 Jessie of Dum-	dini	209 Cavalier
	blane [bles]	155 Old and Young	VOL. XIV.
	101 Turning the Ta-	Stager	210 Breakers A-head
	102 Old Gentleman	156 Luke Somerton	211
	103 Blue Devils		
	104 Hush Money		

VOL. IV.

49 Deuce is in Her			
Raymond & Agnes			

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
WARWICK
LIBRARY

*The Gift of
Mrs G. F. Hall*



00742957



Paul Clifford.

PAUL. (*Preventing Pistols*) Stop! stop! stop! drag him from the carriage! don't be alarmed my Lord, we merely require your watch, that Diamond ring, that adorns your finger and your money.

Act 2. Scene 4

PAUL CLIFFORD

A MUSICAL DRAMA,

IN

Three Acts.

BY E. FITZBALL, Esq.

*Author of The Siege of Rochelle, The Bronze Horse, Quasimodo,
The Carmelites, Note Forger, Jonathan Bradford,
Carlmilhan, Walter Brand, &c.*

THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED, BY PERMISSION,
FROM THE PROMPTER'S BOOK:

To which is added,
A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,
SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES AND
DIRECTIONS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
London Theatres.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET,

STRAND,

LONDON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Lord Mauleverer</i>	Mr W. H. Williams
<i>Sir William Brandon</i>	Mr. Thompson
<i>Paul Clifford</i>	Mr. Collins
<i>Long Ned</i>	Mr. C. Hill
<i>Augustus Temlinson</i>	Mr. J. Webster
<i>Scarlet Jack</i>	Mr. Manvers
<i>Doctor Sloperton</i>	Mr. Tilbury
<i>Dummie Dunnaker</i>	Mr. Vale
<i>Dennis O'Hooney</i>	Mr. Griffith
<i>Gentleman George</i>	Mr. Huckle
<i>Valentine, Valet to Lord Mauleverer</i>	Mr. Collet
<i>Mrs. Sloperton</i>	Mrs. Battersby
<i>Mrs. Margery Lobkins</i>	Mrs. Griffith
<i>Lucy Brandon</i>	Miss Turpin
<i>Miss Terpsichore Sloperton</i>	Miss Taylor
<i>Sally Rosemary</i>	Miss Wrihten
<i>Guests, Highwaymen, Soldiers, Sailors, Lasses, &c.</i>	

First produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, November
1835, by Mr. Fitzball, Member of the Dramatic Authors'
Society.

Time of Representation, 2 hours 30 minutes.

COSTUME.

- Paul*—Green coat and silver buttons, black leather belt, white breeches, high black boots, yellow waistcoat, cocked hat. Second dress—Similar more richly trimmed, coat blue. Third dress—Black satin coat, richly embroidered, white satin embroidered waistcoat, white satin breeches, silk stockings, shoes, diamond buckles.
- Lord Mauleverer*—Green travelling coat, fur cap, buff pantaloons, half boots, white vest, powder. Second dress—Buff and silver court dress.
- Sir William Brandon*—Court dress.
- Dummie Dunnaker*—Brown coat, red waistcoat, patched breeches, blue stockings, shoes and buckles, old fashioned cocked hat.
- Long Ned*—Grey old fashioned suit, slightly laced, white stockings, shoes and buckles. Second dress. Court dress, laced with gold. Third dress. Slouched hat, black cloak.
- Scarlet Jack*—Scarlet suit, trimmed with gold lace, high black boots.
- Augustus*—Blue suit, slightly trimmed with silver, high boots.
- Sloperton*—Old fashioned black coat, white waistcoat, black breeches.
- Lucy*—Pink satin open robe, white satin petticoat, veil. Second dress—Similar, in green and gold, few flowers in the hair, &c.
- Mrs. Sloperton*—Old fashioned brown satin robe, white lace apron, shoes and buckles, round eared cap and hood.
- Terpsichore*—Open embroidered robe, white satin petticoat. Second dress. Plain black gown, white veil or hood.
- Mrs. Lobkins*—Brown gown, white apron, round eared cap.
- Sally*—Brocade gown tucked up, white apron, blue petticoat.

The rest of the Characters to harmonize.

PAUL CLIFFORD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Mug. Fire-place, with Fire burning, R. H. in F., Door L. H. in F. Cuckoo Clock over Door. Portrait of Mrs. Lobkins, in a scarlet body, and Hat and Plume. Print of Fat Pig, and Ballads on Wall. Score chalked over Mantel-piece, &c.*

MRS. LOBKINS, *discovered half asleep in an easy Chair, by Fire, R. H.*—*Guests drinking at Table, L. H. on which are Bottles, Jugs, Horns, &c.*—*Cuckoo Clock strikes Nine to Symphony.*

CHORUS.

Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! goes the clock—
Listen to its warning sound ;
Neighbours, fill a sparkling bumper
Pass the parting goblet round.
Here's to many a merry meeting,
Over cans of spicy ale—
May our hearts still warm with friendship,
May our spirits never fail.
Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! goes the clock—
Dimly burns the taper's light ;
'Tis the hour of rest and slumber,
Jolly toppers, all, good night !

[*Exeunt L. H. D. in F.*

Mrs. L. (*Locking the Door.*) Past nine o'clock, I declares. The customers all gone, yet leetle Paul, hasn't returned—rare hours ! I'm hawfully out o' spirits. [*Rain—Loud knocking at Door L. H. in F.*] Ah ! there he be at last, and it's a raining, outside like a watering-pot. So, my dainty young Master, Paul Clifford, stand awhile under the eaves : it may moisten your fine curls for you. I'll not be your porter, not I indeed ! [*Throwing herself back in her Chair—Rain heard more violently.*]

Paul. (*Outside.*) Dame ! mother ! Dame Lobkins !

Mrs. L. I'm fast asleep ! [*The Door is lifted violently up, and Paul enters through L. H. C. swinging his Hat, as if wet with Rain, which is heard.*]

Paul. (*Advancing on L. H.*) What a shower ! Ah ! dame,

I thought you were in bed. Is there anything left in this bottle?
[*Draining a Bottle, which he takes from L. H. Table.*]

Mrs. L. (Wrathfully.) Look ye, my fine spark! None of your soft-spoken familiarlarities with me: how do you think I should rist in my slape, an' my doors to be brick open at all hours, by you an' your roprobate companions? I tell you what, my spruce young master, 'tis time you gives up your vulgar sociates, or that you gives up me!

Paul. Give up my friends?

Mrs. L. Friends i'feaks! rare friends! And pray who be your best friend, if I beant, honest Peg Lobkins, of the Mug, under whose roof you were bred and eddicated like a gentleman of distinction? And bekays your mother died in my lodgings, without so much as paying a halfpenny of rint, or even letting me know her name; aud bekays you'd no faither, nor no mother, wasn't I faither and mother both to you, and now——

Paul. Well—well, dame, I know all this; indeed, I must say, you take good care to impress it on my memory, however, to please you, I will renounce the Club, and return thither no more, except to discharge my debts of honour.

Mrs. L. Debts of honour! Marry! if so be as how you thinks that I shall go for to supply your wiscious necessities——

Paul. But I owe Long Ned a guinea, and Scarlet Jack another. I should be posted if——

Mrs. L. Posted, indeed! The whipping-post for all such unthrifty knaves: I'll tell you what, master Paul——

Paul. Now, dearest dame, only look kindly, and I'll be everything you desire: one buss before you go to bed, and reformation shall be the order of the day, depend on't. [*Dame brings down a Chair, and sits R. H.*]

SONG—PAUL.

Mother, give your boy a buss,
And calm this angry riot—
Dearest mother, no more fuss,
I'm for peace and quiet.
Like gossamer this heart, mother,
Howe'er you would restrain,
When angry storms blow o'er, mother,
Will rise, and float again!

Mrs. Lobkins rises and comes to L. H.

Mother, I am young and gay,
And cannot yield to sorrow;
My spring of life is in its May—
Kill care until to-morrow.

My heart is like this cork, mother—
 So, cast upon the main !
 Though deep it sink, awhile, mother—
 'Twill rise, and float again !

[*Dame crosses back again to R. H., and moves her Chair up Stage—During the last Stanza, he wrings a Cork from a Bottle, and throws it carelessly away.*]

Mrs. L. All this won't do ; and despite your wheedling, I'll pay none of your debts. A guinea, forsooth, to Long Ned and a guinea, Scarlet Jack !

Paul. And three crowns to Dummie Dunnaker.

Mrs. L. Dummie Dunnaker, lend you three crowns ! The warlet ! why, it was only this morning I axed him to pay me one crowu for lodgings and liquor, due a fortnight, and he vowed that he hadn't a bawbee to bless himself with. [*Rain—Dummie, without at D. in F. L. H.*]

Mrs. L. O, here the reptile comes ! Three crowns indeed ! let him look to the crown atwixt his two ugly shoulders, or pay off my score against him. [*Rain heard violently—Dummie pops his Head in, and looks cautiously around.*]

Paul. (*Aside, L. H.*) Poor Dummie ! his lodgings will be warm enough to-night ! [*Laughing.*]

Mrs. L. (*Fawningly.*) Pray walk in, master Dunnaker ; I'm sure you be vastly welcome. [*Curtseying.*]

Dum. (*Coming down, c.*) Vell I'm sure ! I feels most grateful for this here kind reception, I only wishes it may last ; you are unkimminly good-natured. *Mrs. Lob.*

Mrs. L. Not a bit more than you desarves, master Dunnaker ; a gentleman as is ful! of his cash, is sure to be welcome every where.

Dum. Cash ! I doesn't understand them sorts of remarks !

Mrs. L. May-be you'll just cast your eyes over them there chalks, above the mantel-piece.

Dum. I doesn't understand fieryglificks. [*Aside.*] She's getting me into a line. What is it—eh, *leetle Paul* ?

Mrs. L. (*Brushing a Chair with her Apron.*) Please to take a sate, sich lots o' money, I'm sure you must be tired wi' carrying it about ; won't you take a drap o' summut to help you under your *fatigue* ? [*Curtseying.*] Pray take a sate, Muster Dunnaker ?

Dum. (*Retreating.*) No, I thank you, *Mrs. Lob* ; it's a warm evening, thof it be wet, and I feels more comfortabler near the door. [*Shuffling away.*]

Paul. I'm sure it was very obliging of Mr. Dunnaker to assist me with the loan of his purse this evening, madam, and I expect that you will pay him at once.

Dum. (Aside.) It's all out. Thank you, I'm in no hurry, you know it wasn't my *own* money, as I told you, and my *frind* can wait, he's unkimmerly indulgent.

Mrs. L. Frind, again! Ha, ha, ha! wait, eh, Muster Dumnaker; well, that's a convenient *frind* I take it, a——

Paul. (Rises, and crosses to c.) Madam, I must have money to support myself like a gentleman, and if you won't give it me, I am determined to throw myself upon the world, and seek my fortune. [*Going.*]

Mrs. L. (Detaining him.) Stay a hinstant! you toad of a thousand! Leave me—will you? this comes of my giving you book-larning, and letting you eat the bread of idleness! Take that, you ungrateful wiper! [*She throws her Hand back, as if about to dash a Jug (which she had taken from the Table,) at Paul—It strikes Dummie, who staggers away, R. H.*]

Dum. A wiper! yes, a pretty wiper! Oh, leetle Paul, here's a high! [*Pointing to his Face.*]

Paul. (To Dame.) This decides me! I'll eat the bread of idleness and charity no longer. The foundling will find himself a home; 'tis time I should cease to be an encumbrance. Good bye, dame, if ever I can pay you what I cost, I will.

AIR—PAUL.

'Tis unworthy of a man,
Dependant, like a hound, to dwell—
I'll pay you, mother, when I can—
'Till then, farewell!

[*Exit L. H. D. in F.—Rain heard.*]

Mrs. L. (Following him up to the Door.) Paul! Paul! boy! Gone! not a word! Oh, you serpent! may the gentleman that keeps the fire office below, go along wi' you.—[*To Dum. following him round Stage, as he retreats before her.*—And you—you——

Dum. (Beseechingly.) Sweet Missus Lobkins, consider——

Mrs. L. Consider what? you—you'll lend my Paul three crowns, will you? Get out o' my house! if ever I knows you encourages my Paul to keep *wulgar* company, I'll weave you a hempen collar, I will. Budge—begone! [*Rain.*]

Dum. But, Mrs. Lob, this is so unkimminly—don't you hear it's a raining? I shall take cold!

Mrs. L. Out, I say—dog! [*She pushes him out—Rain heard—She shuts the Door, and falling into her Chair, R. H, C drinks, as the Scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*London Bridge, at Night.*

Enter LONG NED, and SCARLET JACK, R. H. *meeting* PAUL CLIFFORD, L. H.

Paul. Ned! Ned Pepper!

Ned. 'Tis Paul Clifford! [*Paul crosses to C.*]

Scar. J. So it is, positively. Why, my dear fellow, you came so suddenly upon us, I took you for a bailiff.

Ned. Why, Paul, what brings you back to us so late to-night? Has the ancient gentlewoman of the Mug supplied you for another turn-over of the ivories? [*Imitates dicing.*]

Paul. No; and what is more, I am going to follow your advice for the first time—throw myself upon the world, and seek my fortune!

Ned. What! determined to cut the old crib at last—eh? Well, I always said you'd shine out a bright star, when the gale of reason had blown aside the cloud which obscured your genius! But what are your views?

Paul. I fancy I have a great turn for the stage, since I saw Garrick the other evening in Richard, [*Throws himself into an attitude.*]

Ned. Oh, the devil! I once did Cassio myself, in a barn.

Scar. J. (R. H.) And acted the drunken scene to perfection.

Ned. (L. H.) Yes, it was too natural; so according to the rules and regulations of the establishment, I got discharged by the manager. No—no, Paul, under my direction you will soon be on the *high-road* to fortune!

Scar. J. And eventually become an exalted character! [*Both laugh at Paul.*]

Paul. (*Crosses to L. H.*) Gentlemen, I did not expect to be laughed at!

Ned. I was never more serious, I assure you. I enlist you instantly into my regiment of free and *independent* gentlemen; but you must learn never to take offence at trifles, I never do, I never take anything—[*Aside.*—but money—except, indeed, watches. I'm never petulant, one is always losing points by one's petulence—think what you please of the world, and let the world think what it pleases of you, that's the way to keep the nerves steady. But, come, what say you to the last half-hour at the theatre—shall we drop in?

Paul. With all my heart.

Scar. J. But not with mine; I have an appointment elsewhere.

Ned. A pale face, and a pretty foot, that's your taste; so, your servant, sentimental Jack. Well, go your ways, and

prosperity attend you. Paul and I, are for a ripe orange,—
[Crosses to L. L. H.]—and a bill of the play. So, allons, Paul!

[*Exeunt Ned and Paul, L. H.*]

Scar. J. This country doctor's daughter, Miss Terpsichore, as she is called, that I have seen at her milliners, through the intriguing assistance of my third wife, living, Sally Rosemary, runs stragely in my head. She takes me for a gentleman, would elope with me, no doubt, and marry me. Poor girl! if I were not the husband of half-a-dozen already, I do think, I could be content to quit London for a cottage, and the pleasure of looking on her bright eyes and rosy cheeks for the rest of my days.

SONG—SCARLET JACK.

Oh, for a cot by a silvery lake,
In the sunny calm of a quiet vale;
Where distant bells soft music wake,
And sweetly sings the nightingale.
No more I'd seek this flaunting town,
Nor sigh 'midst gilded throngs to move,
I'd rather view, than jewell'd crown,
The rosy cheek of the maid I love.
Oft have I wish'd, in some leafy dell,
When the woodman's song I have paus'd to hear,
My life could be, like his, to dwell
'Neath bow'ring oaks the live-long year.
Then what to me were ball or play?
Through village dance, more pleas'd, I'd rove,
And rather view than pageant gay,
The rosy cheek of the maid I love!

[*Exit, R. H.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of Covent Garden Theatre, at Night.*

Enter 2 E. R. H. from Theatre—DOCTOR and MRS. SLOPPER-
TON and TERPSICHORE, Cloaked, &c.

Slop. I repeat to you, Mrs. S., that I don't like these sing-song entertainments: squall, squall, squall! from beginning to end. Madam—madam, one might as well expect to find recreation in a nursery.

Mrs. S. You have no taste, Doctor Sloperton—not like to hear an opera? one would never take you to be the father of a daughter, who executes *Handel*; and surprises everybody on the harpsichord!

Terp. For my part, that handsome young man, signor—what did they call him?—quite enchanted me! Such spangles! such feathers! such a nice young man!

Mrs. S. Then, the fiddlers!

Slop. Psha! fiddlededee!

Enter JACK, R. H. meeting NED, who comes from Theatre
U. E. R. H.

Scar. J. (*Whispering Ned, at back, R. H. C.*) 'Tis my young miss, the country doctor's daughter!

Terp. (*Aside.*) *He, there!* I hope he'll not speak to me before *pa!*

Slop. *Terpsey, child!* staring at the gentlemen, at your age? Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Mrs. S. Fie, indeed! Why, fie? how's the girl ever to get a husband if there's to be nothing but fying? [*Terpsichore makes signs to Jack to be on his guard.*]

Slop. *Mrs. S.*—*Mrs. S.*, please to recollect that you are in the open street, madam!

Mrs. S. Where you seem inclined to keep me standing all night, doctor.

Slop. You make such a noise, madam, if the devil himself were a coachman he could not hear!

Mrs. S. W'at horrid language! Oh, you inhuman doctor! in the streets of London bringing on my hysterics!

Slop. Curse me! but I shall have all the people in the play-house about me presently. Hallo! coachee, you sleepy scoundrel! Coachee! coachee! [*Exit L. H.*]

Mrs. S. Such indifference—such contempt of my poor nerves! I cannot support it—I—oh—oh!

Terp. (*Supporting Mrs. S., L. H.*) Oh, my dear—my poor ma! she's sinking!—help! [*Aside.*] An excellent opportunity for an introduction. [*Beckons Jack down.*]

Scar. J. (*Comes forward C. bowing profoundly.*) Can I render your ladyship the slightest assistance?

Mrs. S. (*Suddenly appearing better.*) Ladyship! what discernment,

Ned. (*Who has advanced on R. H. of Mrs. S.*) I have an essence bottle, pray use it. Might I presume to offer the humble support of my arm? You tremble, and turn pale! Heavens! allow me to fasten the strings of your calash, and to wrap your shawl about you, madam; coming out of the warm theatre is so dangerous, and you so evidently delicate! [*He assists her with Shawl and Calash, and at the same time steals her Watch.*]

Mrs. S. What attention! how unlike the doctor!

Terp. How fortunate that these gentlemen should come up at this moment, ma; we might have been robbed else.

Mrs. S. (*Alarmed.*) Robbed!

Scar. J. Yes, this part of the town is filled with thieves.

Ned. The most impudent knaves in the world, madam, who

lay their hands on everything they can catch, and rob you while they look you in the face. [*Cuts the Ribbon of Mrs. S Miniature, and steals it.*]

Mrs. S. Mercy on me! I hope they won't steal the doctor [*Calling.*] Doctor! dear me—Terpsichore!

Terp. Ma!

Mrs. S. I miss your pa's likeness set in gold! Where can it be? [*Searching.*]

Ned. (*Coolly.*) It's some of those rascally pickpockets, about here, that have taken it, I'll be sworn.

Mrs. S. I wish we were at home safe. What a time the doctor is gone!—where is it we live, Terpsichore?

Terp. I don't know, I'm sure, ma; perhaps these gentlemen can tell us.

Mrs. S. Our name is Slopperton, sir.

Ned. What a charming name—Slopperton! Gods! how poetical!

Scar. J. (*Aside to Terp.*) A beautiful name, but I hope you'll change it soon.

Terp. Oh, sir!

Enter DOCTOR SLOPPERTON, L. H.

Slop. Here's the coach. [*Jack crosses behind to Ned.*]

Mrs. S. Oh, doctor! doctor! I've been robbed! my watch, my miniature.

Slop. (*Crosses to Mrs. S.*) Robbed? Miniature! what could you expect? carrying about so openly exposed, that valuable likeness of myself? the temptation was too irresistible. But, come to the coach.

Terp. (*Pulling Slop.'s Coat.*) But, pa, you haven't thanked the gentlemen for protecting us.

Slop. (*Crosses to Ned, bowing.*) I beg pardon, sirs, we shall be happy to see you at our lodgings, while we remain in London. Always breakfast at seven—eggs, hot-rolls; come as often as you please.

Ned. Thank you, sir.

Slop. There's my address, sir. [*Gives Card.*]

Ned. (*Reading Card.*) "Number 1, Old Bailey." Hem!

Slop. Yes, up a flight of steps. Shall expect to see you there some morning—the sooner the better.

Mrs. S. and Terp. The sooner the better.

Scar. J. and Ned. (*Both bowing.*) Hem! thank you. [*Crowd appears coming from Theatre.*]

Slop. The folks are coming out of the play-house; bustle—bustle, Mrs. S. Remember, gentlemen, you are to mount a flight of steps, Number 1, Old Bailey.

Ned. We shan't forget.

Terp. (*Aside.*) What a nice young man! [*Scar. J. kissing Terp.'s Hand, aside—The audience keep coming from Theatre, Link-men enter, 2 E. L. H. to light them.*]

CHORUS—PEOPLE, LINK-MEN, &C. &C.

Linkmen. Light, light, your honour!

This way to approach—

Light, light, your honour!

Shall I call a coach?

People. Oh, what horrid crowding—

Past endurance, quite.

Ho! ho! a coach, there—

Boy, boy, a light!

Oh, what horrid crowding, &c.

Enter BRANDON, from Theatre, supporting LUCY, followed by PAUL.

PAUL. (*Gazing at Lucy.*)

What a lovely creature—

Eyes as diamonds bright;

Beauty in each feature—

She enchants me quite.

LUCY.

Still my heart is beating—

Dancing with delight!

Memory fresh repeating

Ev'ry charming sight.

JACK and NED. (*Concerting together.*)

We must look about us,

Different ways to range—

Watches, rings, and boxes,

Now must masters change.

Chorus. Light, light, your honour, &c.

[*The company by the end of the vocal pair off at the various entrances, lighted by several Link-boys.*]

Enter VALENTINE, R. H. bowing to BRANDON.

Val The carriage, sir, is not more than twenty yards distant, but cannot get up to the theatre.

Sir W. Can you walk to the carriage, my dear?

Lucy. Oh, yes, dear uncle, with pleasure. [*Brandon looks at his Watch by the light of a Linkman's Torch.*]

Paul. (*Aside.*) There's fascination in her voice!

Ned. (*Aside.*) So there is in his watch!

Sir W. Already past ten o'clock! Now, Lucy.

Paul. (*Eagerly*) She's going!

Ned. (*Aside.*) The watch is mine. [*Snatches it.*] Down

with the torches! Paul, look to yourself. [*Ned and Jack strike out the Torches, and escape U. E. L. H.*]

Sir W. (*Crossing to and seizing Paul.*) Rascal! my watch!

Paul. (*Confused.*) Watch! what watch?

Sir W. Officers! thieves! thieves! [*Officers and Crowd, with Linkmen re-enter, U. E. R. H.*] Officer, secure him! I give him in strict charge. I'll swear that this fellow's companion, at least, snatched my watch; the thief is gone, but we have the accomplice—if you let him escape, look to the consequences. Lucy, my dear, calm this perturbation!

CONCERTED PIECE.

PAUL. (*In custody of Officers, L. H.*)

This degradation must I endure,
And base suspicion cloud my name?
'Tis well dark night conceals my brow,
Or I should instant sink with shame.

LUCY. (*L. H.*)

With agitation, though overcome,
For him, so young, I intercede,
A mother he, perhaps, may have—
For her—for him, oh, let me plead.

CHORUS.

The harden'd villain to justice drag—
No doubt transported he will be.
Such rogues deserve, for all their crimes,
Alike to swing on Tyburn tree.

[*Sir W. and Lucy Brandon go out, followed by Valentine, R. H., as Paul is hurried away 2 E. L. H. crowd following—Scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Doctor Slopperton's Lodgings—A Window, practicable, R. H. in F., opening to the Street—A practicable Closet Door in L. H. F.—A Table and Two Chairs brought on R. H. and placed near L. H.*

Enter SALLY, with lighted Candle, shewing in JACK.

Sally. (*Placing Candle on Table.*) I tell you, I'll be married before parson, or I'll not consent to carry on your intrigues with other women.

Scar. J. Only you assist me to run off with this Miss Slopperton, and when I'm fairly in possession of her fortune, you and I, Sally, will go and settle contentedly in a foreign land.

Sally. Well, that looks honest on your part, I must say, and is no more than business-like.

Scar. J. But this is not the sole purpose of my visit, Paul

Clifford has been committed by mistake for Ned Pepper, to Bridewell, and Ned, as you know, is a grateful fellow, has hit upon a scheme to liberate him this very night.

Sally. Indeed! and pray how?

Scar. J. Why, you are to repair to your old lodgings which overlook the wall of the garden, adjoining the Bridewell, into which Ned is to descend by a rope ladder, and assist, not only Paul Clifford, but two of our most valuable men, Augustus Tomlinson and Dummie Dunnaker to escape.

Sally. Dummie Dunnaker! is he locked up also?

Scar. J. Yes, for tipling a little too much, and then falling, poor fellow, with his elbow through a goldsmith's window; and for that trifle they gave him in custody.

Sally. How severe people are becoming to be sure; but still I don't see how this escape will be brought to bear.

Scar. J. Ned will acquaint you with every particular—you'll surely go; won't you, Sally?

Sally. Yes, since I can be of service to any of the band. [*A Coach is heard to drive up, and ringing heard at door Bell, L. H.*]

Sally. (*Running to Window.*) A coach! 'tis Sir William Brandon! he has brought home the doctor and madam; they are alighting, and, no doubt, Terpsichore will come hither at once.

Scar. J. I'll effect my escape out of this window.

Sally. And I shall pretend to be gone to bed with the toothache, and so slip out at the street door; they'll not suspect anything, especially as I was ordered not to sit up. [*Exit, L. H.*]

Scar. J. (*At Window.*) The deuce! there's that rascally footman of Sir William Brandon's marching up and down exactly under the window, I can't descend till the carriage drives off. Footsteps coming, too—'tis Terpsichore! Sally's well got rid of; who knows but I may find a favorable opportunity to plead my own cause. This closet! [*Enters Closet, L. H. D. in F.*]

Enter TERPSICHORE and LUCY, L. H.

Terp. How fortunate it was that you should overtake us just as we were disappointed of our coach.

Lucy. But, what is this secret which you wish to disclose? My uncle will be impatient if I detain him.

Terp. Not he; they are talking of being robbed of their watches, I can't help laughing at the circumstance.

Lucy. It makes me shudder!

Terp. La, child, what's the loss of a watch?

Lucy. A mere trifle! But a poor young man, whose fea-

tures I confess I could scarcely discern—the torches being suddenly extinguished—was apprehended for the offence, of which he protested his innocence so solemnly, that it makes my heart ache for his situation. But I heard my uncle's voice!

Terp. No—no! speaking of a nice young man, I know such a dear! He meets me at ma's milliners, follows me about like a lap dog. I saw him to-night at the theatre; he and I are in love with each other to desperation! There's a secret for you.

Scar. J. (Listening at Door—Aside.) She'll run away with me to-morrow, that's certain.

Lucy. And your father approves the acquaintance?

Terp. I tell you it's a secret.

Lucy. A secret! wherefore a secret?

Terp. He has his reasons, which I am to know when we are married, as we are to be in the Fleet.

Lucy. Married clandestinely! never think of such a thing; indeed you must not—shall not!

Terp. You won't betray me?

Lucy. Not for the world! but I advise you—I warn you, that mystery with a young maiden's heart cannot end happily to her peace of mind.

SONG.

These men are all deceivers,
I heard an old wife say—
The flow'r that's lightly gather'd,
As light they throw away.
Then maiden, too confiding,
From freedom ere you part—
Beware of snares—beware of tears—
And guard from guile your heart.

The lake—which one bright sunbeam
Can clothe in golden light—
The soonest is o'ershadow'd
By one dark cloud of night.
Then heed the old wife's saying,
From freedom ere you part—
Beware of thorns 'neath ev'ry rose,
And guard from guile your heart.

Terp. I thank you for your advice, Lucy, but your turn may come next, and then we shall see.

Lucy. I never can be angry with a friend for putting me on my guard.

Terp. (Stifling her vexation.) Neither am I, I promise you.

Lucy. Promise me also, as a proof of your sincerity, not to proceed further in your love affair till we meet again.

Terp. With all my heart, if you say that you'll call early in the morning.

Lucy. Depend on me. Good night, dear Terpsichore. [*Kissing her.*]

Terp. Good night, Lucy—you'll call early. [*Exit Lucy, L. H.*] I suppose she's envious; however, 'tis impossible I should see my lover to-night, or, I'm a *leetle* afraid I should be induced to break my word with Lucy, and ——

Scar. J. (*Suddenly coming from Closet.*) And elope with me this very hour!

Terp. (*Astonished.*) Mr. Scarlet, in this apartment! How did you dare to——

Scar. J. (*Detaining her.*) Stay! lovely ruler of my destiny! promise but to grant me an interview at your window when the family have retired, but for five minutes, and I vanish instantly.

Terp. Well—well, I promise. If you are discovered here I shall be taken home to the country, and we shall never meet again. Go, now—pray go!

DUET. (*Piano.*)

Jack. Oh, promise me, by those bright eyes,
Whose beams my soul with transport fill
To meet me at thy window, love,
When all—when all is still.

Terp. I promise thee by these deep throbs
Which now my trembling bosom thrill—
To meet thee at my window, yes—
When all—when all is still.

Both. One hour from hence, the silent hour,
By yon pure stars the heavens that fill—
I vow to meet thee once again,
Oh me
When all—when all is still.

[*He kisses her Hand—She runs out terrified, L. H. as he gets out of Window, R. H. in F.*]

SCENE V.—*Stage dark. On the R. H. is the section of a High Wall, which divides the Bridewell Yard from a Garden, in which is a Watch-box, L. H. Another Wall crosses at the back, covered with Fruit Trees, above which, a House and Attic Window, a Light in Window. Beyond this House, Church Steeple and House-tops, &c. Under the Window a Water-butt. Prison Bell tolling. On R. H. within the Grating the Bridewell Door is seen through, &c. Everything practicable.*

Den. (*Coming from Watch-box.*) Ah! sure it's that infernal bell a tolling them prisoners to their cells, on t'other side o' the prison wall there. Isn't it a shameful thing that an honest watchman can't get a wink o' slape on his post for dat big

blackguard? But sure dat's the signal whereby the gimmen kindly promised to come, and knock me down wid a couple o' georges. Surely I'll be after getting my slape forward a bit, till he wakes me wid his own ugly voice! Yaw! yaw! [*Rubs his Eyes.*] Past ten at night, and—and—a foggy morning! [*Goes into his Box and sleeps—Ned appears cautiously at Window at back on the other side wall.*]

Ned. All seems quiet, and the coast quite clear—I'll descend. [*Comes out of Window and descends; when in the Garden calls*] Sally! Sally! [*Sally appears at Window with Candle.*]

Sally. Have you reached the ground?

Ned. Yes.

Sally. Is all right?

Ned. All. Put out a stronger rope, and while I make it ast below, do you secure the other to the bed-post.

Sally. Wait an instant, I've a ladder. [*Bell tolls—Sally throws a Rope Ladder from Window, Ned arranges it in Garden—During this business the Prisoners enter two and two from back, U. E. R. H. of Prison Yard, conducted by Goalers, and march into Chapel Door—Paul, Augustus, and Dummie, the last, who steal behind the Door till it closes.*]

Aug. Dummie, secure the Bridewell door with that nail.

Dum. Won't I make 'em fast! [*He nails up the Chapel Door, using a large Stone for a Hammer.*]

Paul. See, the ascent is not very difficult. [*Bell ceases tolling.*]

Aug. (*Searching on Ground.*) Now for the signal: a stone over the wall!

Den. (*Waking, and leaving his Box.*) Oh! dhere he is. [*Seeing Ned.*] Faith! it's so dark intirely, it isn't myself that sees anybody that's handling a rope ladder—not I, by my sowl. [*Crosses R. C. under Prison Wall.*] Past tin o'clock, and—— [*Aug. climbs the Wall and throws a large Stone, which strikes Dennis on the Head.*]

Den. (*Falling.*) A stoney night! Oh, murter! murter!

Ned. (*Running to him and picking him up.*) What's the matter?

Den. Oh! it's kill't I am intirely—my head's brick!

Ned. I should think so. Isn't this a pretty remedy? [*Shaking a Purse.*]

Den. Faith! and I'll try; only pour a few drops into my hand, darlint. [*Looks at Purse by his Lantern.*]

Ned. (*Putting Money into his Hand.*) There—there!

Den. A few drops more! It's very bad I am, I reckon; mines a very sarious case, and wants a strong dose, jewel.

Ned. This is a composing draught; take the bottle into your kennel, and when the danger is at end I'll summon you.

Den. (*Taking Purse and Winking.*) True, I'll not stir abroad again widout the doctor's lave. [*He takes the Purse and enters his Box, where he appears chinking the Money, as Ned listens under the Wall—Aug. by this time is at the summit—Paul clinging to the Spout*]

Dum. We are all going up the spout.

Aug. Ned!

Ned. All's right! [*Music—Aug. throws aown a Cord, which Ned secures to a Tree—Aug. descends, then Paul—Dummie is on the summit of the Wall, and knocks down Stones on the Turnkey and Prisoners, as they burst from the Chapel.*]

CONCERTED PIECE—NED, DUMMIE, PAUL, AUGUSTUS.

All is ready, let us hasten,
From this dang'rous place away.
Over tops of houses scrambling,
Here we must no longer stay.

Sally. All is ready—up the ladder
Quickly mount, now, one by one—
Hark, I hear a watchman's rattle,
From this place you must be gone.

[*Distant rattle heard*]

All. All is ready, up the ladder, &c.

CHORUS OF TURNKEYS AND PRISONERS.

What the devil is the matter?
Oh, my back, my bones, my head!
Up the spout, there—Watchmen—turnkeys!
Help—help! prisoners three have fled.

DENNIS. (*Pretending to be knocked down.*)

What the devil is the matter?
Oh, I'm kilt—and now I'm dead!

[*Augustus, Paul and Ned, ascend the Ladder, and enter the Chamber—Dummie pursues them—Watchmen, &c. enter of all sides springing Rattles.*]

CHORUS.

Cursed villains! hold them—seize them!
Back to prison see them led.
Oh, confuzion—kill'd the watchman!

[*They raise Dennis.*]

He is murdered! he is dead!

Dennis. Yes, I'm murdered—I am dead.

Dummie is about to enter the Window—Watchmen get on the

Ladder, and break it by their weight—Dummie falls into the Water-butt—a splash of Water—Drop descends.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room at the Jolly Angler, with a Window. (The Moon during the Scene is seen to rise, through the Window.)—opening to the road.*

PAUL, NED, R. H. AUGUSTUS, SCARLET JACK, L. H. GENTLEMAN GEORGE, &c. at table, drinking and smoking. Candles on table. DUMMIE seated apart

AIR AND CHORUS.

Laughing at sorrow, strangers to fear,
A round, there, a round to the bold cavalier :
Though fortune frown, brothers never despair,
But jingle the glasses and ring away care.

Ned. (R. of Table.) Now gentlemen ! three cheers for our gallant Captain Paul Clifford ! [*They all rise and cheer, they drink, beat the tables and then re-seat themselves.*]

Dum. (L. H.) Leetle Paul for ever ! hurrah ! I vonders vat Mrs. Lob would say if she could see him now ?

Paul. (Rising.) Gentlemen ! you all know, that, when, some months ago, you were pleased to elect me to the high honour of Commander of this district. I was, myself, by no means, ambitious, to assume that rank, but your voices overruled my own. Your kindness overpowered me, and, I became your Captain.

All. Hear ! hear !

Ned. Gentlemen ! gentlemen ! chair ! chair !

Dum. Gemmen ! gemmen ! respect the dignity of the chair !

Paul. Since then I hope you will allow, gentlemen, that I have done all in my power, to advance your interests ?

All. Hear ! hear !

Paul. I have kept a vigilant eye upon our neighbours. I have throughout the country, established numerous correspondents, and our exertions have been carried on, with a promptitude that has ensured success. [*Applause.*] But now, my friends and followers, Gentlemen of the Road, the Street, and the Theatre, I resign that power again into your hands, and am ready to do my duty as faithfully, as a private, as I trust

I have done it, as a General. [*Applause ; he quits the chair—All come down.*]

Ned. Gentlemen ! anticipating, as I am sure I do, the unanimous sentiments of this enlightened independant, and, I may say, a Society whose members seem born for elevation.

All. Hem ! h—e—m !

Ned. I move that Paul Clifford, be again chosen as our Captain for the ensuing three months.

Dum. (Rising.) And gemmen, I seconds that there unkimminly sinsible proposal. And gemmen,—I stands on my two fit—gemmen—you as knows what sinsibility is—there's a hinternal something that overpowers a man—and [*Sits down.*]

Ned. Gentlemen, I call on you all, to name the one man whom you will agree to to elect as the properest representative of our high and independant community for the ensuing term.

All. Clifford ! Clifford !

Dum. Leettle Paul ! leettle Paul ! how proud I is on him ! [*Looking proudly at Paul.*]

All. Resume the chair ! resume the chair ! [*Paul returns to the chair.—All sit*]

Dum. Presume the chair ! I declares I has'nt felt my natral feeling so unkimminly excited, sin I went to scramble over them roofs of them ouses, and slid plump down into the Bridle water but. [*All laugh.*]

Ned. Did'nt I caution you never to mention that ?

Paul. Now, gentlemen ; to business, and to horse ; Lord Mauleverer travels this road, to night, on his way to Bath ; to ascertain the exact hour, of his reaching the Tunnell in the Helloway, would be a thousand guineas, at least, into our treasury.

Ned. Then depend on my making a thousand anxious enquires ; and every one of us will go different routes to enquire kindly after his Lordships health.

All. Ay ! ay ! ay !

Paul. See our old acquaintance the moon, is peeping in at the window, as if to enquire after us : we must not neglect her admonition. So the stirrup cup [*All drink.*] and, to the Road—to the Road. [*They all come forward, Waiters clear the stage.*]

SONG AND CHORUS.

Paul. The stirrup cup, my gallanads,
Your courage to preserve—
It warms the heart, inspires the soul,
And steadies every nerve.

Chorus. The stirrup cup—the stirrup cup !
Our courage to preserve.

It warms the heart, inspires the soul
And steadies every nerve.

Paul. It is our pledge that we will meet
Again, when strife is o'er ;
One pledge of true sincerity,
E'en though we meet no more.

[*They take off their hats*

Chorus. It is our pledge, &c.

Paul. Then follow, follow to the road,
With courage firm and bold ;
We seek not harm to human kind,
We only seek their gold.

Chorus. Then follow, follow, &c.

[*Exeunt headed by Paul. L. H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Parlour at Dr. Slopperton's. Fire place 2.*
E. L. H. Door 2, E. R. H. Table R. H. and Music stand with
Music on it. Table in Centre. Small work table L. H, C.
Six chairs—*Shawl and Bonnet on table.*

MRS. SLOPPERTON is discovered knitting by the fire L. H. Terp-
sichore playing on the Guitar. A chiffonier R. H. two lighted
candles on Table L. H. Servant comes down on R. H. placing
Music stand, stool, and footstool, and Exit L. H.

Terp. I tell you Ma, its the last new song, and what's new
must be, pretty, besides it's so tender, and sentimental—h ei o
only listen to it again.

AIR.

Phillis, have you seen my love,
Wandering with his sheep this way ?
If you meet him you will know him,
By his smile and manner gay.
Bright his eye as summer sunshine,
Sweet his lip as rose in June—
If you see him send him to me,
My poor heart is out of tune.

Terp. There, Ma !

Mrs. S. Dear me, child, what melancholy love ditties you
have taken to of late. You have never been yourself since
our visit to London.

Terp. The country is so dull ; nobody to speak to, but the
Curate's wife, or the Churchwarden's gawky daughters ; the
Miss Figgenses ; and, as for a young man of a tolerable ap-
pearance, there isn't such a creature in the county—nothing but
Smiths—Browns—Joneses—faugh !

Mrs. S. (Rises and comes down L. H.) Talking of young men
child, your father thinks of discontinuing the visits of the young

music master, who comes occasionally to give you Lessons on the Harpsichord.

Terp (*Starting up.*) Dismiss Mr. Scarlet?

Mrs. S. Yes, for although to be sure, he teaches you for nothing, we don't know who he is—and Mr. Figgins, who has an excellent estate in the Parish, thinks you a very nice girl, but, he doesn't like this music master—who, I must say, is over attentive to you.

Terp. (*Vehemently.*) What's Mr. Figgins to me ma? or his estate either. I'd sooner drown myself than become Mrs. Figgins, it's an odious name.

Mrs. S. Odious! my dear Terpsy! that's very bad language.

Terp. And, as for dismissing Mr. Scarlet, nobody knows half what he has taught me. Pa may do just as he pleases, I'll never marry Mr. Figgins—and if Mr. Scarlet is to be forbid the house, why I know what I know——

Mrs. S. And pray what's that?

Terp. You'll see! [*Playing violently on Guitar.*]

Mrs. S. You threaten eh Miss. Do cease that horrid jangling on the guitar there! I declare I've dropt six stitches; will you leave off making a noise or—[*Terp leaves off playing, and twirling herself round on the music stool, sits like an Automaton.*] Well! are you going to sit there, mum chance, like a wax doll?

Terp. You told me to leave off making a noise.

Mrs. S. Play me something this moment, Finish or—

Terp. (*Singing and playing violently.*) “Phillis have you seen my love?”

Mrs. S. (*Stopping her ears.*) Ugh! I shall go distracted. I wish your father would come home, and lock you up in the surgery.

Terp. If I'm locked up in the surgery I'll break all the glass cases, and upset the electrifying machine—and I'll smash every gallipot.

Mrs. S. The girl's mad! [*Door bell rings.*] goodness be praised! there's your father at last! if he can't cure you of your madness, he's no true doctor—

Enter Servant L. H.

Ser. Miss Brandon!

Terp. (*Jumping about.*) Lucy Brandon! she and I will have such a gossip, a thousand secrets. [*Removes things up.*]

Mrs. S. Lucy Brandon! and I in such a flutter.

Enter LUCY, preceded by Servant, L. H. and crosses to R. H.

Mrs. S. Dear Miss Brandon, you find me and Terpsichore harmoniously engaged; a little knitting, and a little music.

Terp. Harmoniously! La ma!

Mrs S. Terpy, my sweet child, a chair for Miss Brandon.

Lucy. Thank you, my dear Madam, but I have merely walked from the manor house with an invitation from my uncle to request Dr Slopperton will pass a few hours with him at chess? And really, I have been so terrified by a report which I have just now heard, that I wish to return, before it grows late,

Mrs S. Report, my dear! what report?

Lucy. They say that three Highwaymen have stopped some one, beyond the Mill, at the end of the village.

Mrs S. Mercy on me! why that's the very road the Doctor comes, from visiting Mr. Curry, the rich nabob, at Curry lodge, whom he expects to receive the amount of last years bill. A considerable sum, though very inferior to the dear Doctor's merits.

Terp. La! ma if they should rob pa? woud'nt it be droll, ha! ha!

Mrs S. Droll! what will she say next? the girl's turned idiot. [*Aside.*]

Terp. I wonder what sort of young men Highwaymen are? *Lucy* how would you like to see a Highwayman?

Lucy. Oh! not for the world. I tremble at the mere idea! [*Ringing and Knocking L. H.*]

Mrs S. Ugh! dear me! I grow quite nervous! excuse me a moment, Miss Brandon, I hope that's my dear Doctor.

[*Exit L. H.*]

Terp. I'm glad ma's gone; illtempered thing! would you believe it? *Lucy* she's been talking of marrying me to that hideous Mr. Figgin's.

Lucy. Is he not a respectable young man?

Terp. I hate respectable young men! I like such young men as—as—my singing master for instance, who comes once a month from London, to teach me—[*Whispering*] And maybe oftener to give me private lessons.

Lucy. Private lessons—

Terp. I'll tell you a secret, for I know you can keep it. *Lucy* can't you guess who my singing master is—ha! ha! ha!

Lucy. Impossible!

Terp. Don't you remember what I told you about a Lieutenant Scarlet.

Lucy. My dear girl, you surely are not carrying on a clandestine connexion with—

Terp. There! If I had thought you would have said one word

Slop. (*Without L. H.*) I never was so served in all my life!

Terp. I—here's Pa! he'd kill me if he knew—

Lucy. Depend on me—

Terp. That's a dear.

Enter DR. SLOPPERTON, leaning on MRS. SLOPPERTON, followed by PAUL, L. H.

Terp. La Pa! how pale you look! [*Crosses to him.*]

Slop. Suppress your alarm, my sweet child, and you Miss Brandon, your medical adviser has been robbed by Highway-men!

Lucy. Robbed, Sir!

Terp. Robbed, Pa! [*Two Servant's bring on tea things and, remain on and wait, and MRS. SLOPPERTON, superintends the tea table, &c.*]

Mrs S. My poor dear Doctor!

Slop. Yes and had it not been for the timely coming up of this brave young gentleman! the whole country might have been in mourning for the irreparable misfortune of my death. [*Crosses and embracing MRS. S. and weeping. Go a little up.*]
Oh, Mrs S.

Terp. Young gentleman! what young gentleman? [*Seeing Paul who bows.*] what a handsome fellow! look at him Lucy! [*Goes to Lucy on R. H.*]

Lucy. Surely that form—I—somewhere—what agitation is this—

Paul. (*Looking at Lucy.*) 'Tis the same lovely creature! she cannot possibly recognize me!

Slop. This sir, is my daughter, [*Comes down centre.*] the most affectionate and dutiful of children; and this, is our near neighbour, Miss Brandon. They must thank you for your bravery this night, displayed in my defence.

Lucy. Which we do most sincerely.

Paul. Thanks from your lips, fair lady, overpay my poor services to this good gentleman, far, far, beyond their worth.

Slop. Make the tea, dear Mrs S.

Mrs S. 'Tis ready dear! but, touching this robbery?

Terp. Do tell us all about it?

Slop. Oh! 'tis an awful story. I was coming home, and thinking of several serious cases; when, suddenly, I saw an uncommonly tall personage, with a fine head of hair, and a very large pistol in his hand: standing right before me in the gap of a hedge! and in a voice of thunder he exclaimed:—

Mrs S. Sugar! Miss Brandon—

Slop. No, my dear, he didn't say anything half so sweet; but calling to another ruffian, just at his elbow, Augustus, said he——

Mrs S. (*To Terp.*) Terpsy! how you are spilling your tea.

Slop. Augustus said he, that quack, is too contemptible to be robbed by two, so I leave him to you—think my dear, he not only wanted to rob me of my purse, but of my character, called me *quack*—abominable!

Terp. Ha! ha! ha! Quack! quack!

Mrs S. But the purse my *duck*?

Slop. How I lost it I can't imagine. But certain it is when I recovered—that I found it——

Mrs S. Where?

Slop. Gone!

Paul. I picked it, Sir, from the ground, where you had dropt it, in your agitation; and here it is. [*Giving him the purse.*]

Mrs S. Ah sir! you are the Doctor and the purse's preserving angel! [*All rise, and come forward*]

Slop. I am determined however, to lay my case before Lord Maulever; who is expected in this neighbourhood, on his way to Bath, this very night.

Paul. (*Aside.*) Ah!

Lucy. My Uncle told me that his Lordship's valet had written for post horses to meet him, at Wyburn, at ten o'clock.

Paul. It is now near nine. [*Aside,*] The very information I wanted. [*Servants clear tea things &c.*]

Slop. (*Crosses placing his hand on Paul's arm.*) But touching these Highwaymen?

Paul. I—sir [*Looking at the guitar.*] You are musical I perceive Miss Sloperton?

Slop. Yes—would you like a chord?

Paul. You are too kind.

Mrs S. Our Terpy, plays on the Guitar like a nightingale.

Terp. La ma! how you talk. Miss Brandon sings like a nightingale—you mean. [*Servants bring down chairs, characters all sit but Clifford.*]

Lucy. Fie Terpsichore!

Paul. Might I entreat? [*Crosses to her.*]

Lucy. Pardon me, sir, it grows late, and—

Terp. What nonsense, Lucy! here's the very song which—you know which I mean.

Lucy. No! not that song—

Paul Sing it I entreat [*Crosses to her.*]

SONG LUCY,

I saw him but once—I saw him in sorrow.

It scarcely appear'd as we ever had met.

He spoke not, he gazed not, 'twas only a sigh,

But, oh, 'twas a sigh I shall never forget.

It seem'd like the last gale that wafts o'er the rose,
 When the the autumn blight falls e'er the summer hath set,
 And the flower whose beauty was scarce in its prime,
 'Mid its glory and perfume lies withered and dead !

I saw him no more, his doom they reveal'd me,
 His name, too, they branded with words how severe.
 It might be deserv'd, but his fate seemed so hard,
 I still must accord to its victim a tear.
 I've thought, one so young, and the grief of his voice,
 Spoke a heart from whose centre remorse had not fled—
 For renown might have liv'd, screen'd from misery's blight,
 Ere his name or his glory fell wither'd and dead.

Paul. Thanks ! thanks ! air and words, are alike most touching.

Terp. Yes ; and would you believe it , both are Miss Brandon's own composition.

Paul. Indeed ! and the hero of the ballad ?

Lucy. Was a young man, who robbed, or was supposed to have robbed, my uncle of his watch on coming out of the Theatre in London.

Slop. The rogue ! he was caught and sent to Bridewell.

Lucy. They say he was very hardened, though extremely young. [*Paul appears troubled.*] I was foolish enough to beg, very earnestly, that my uncle would intercede for him, but in vain.

Paul. That angel like generosity, was worthy of Miss Brandon.

Slop. Ah ! I see ! as usual, Miss Brandon, enlists every body in her cause. [*Servants clear stage.*]

Paul. (R. C.) The cause which sympathises with the unfortunate, even though sometimes a mistaken one, is the best to live for ; and the best to die for.

Slop. I presume, sir, that you were brought up to the bar ? [*Crosses to Paul.*]

Paul. (*Smiling.*) No ; it is my aversion.

Enter Servant, L. H.

Lucy. I must depart. [*Crosses L. H.*] I hope in the morning to hear that you have all perfectly recovered from this alarm ; good night ! [*to Paul.*] Sir, your servant.

Paul. My way to the village Inn lies past the manor house ; might I be permitted to offer Miss Brandon, the support of my arm ? [*Crosses to her.*]

Slop. Excellent ! such a brave protector cannot but be accepted.

Mrs S. But won't you return and take a bed, sir ?

Paul. Thank you, no madam. I have to meet a gentleman,

very particularly at ten o'clock ; good night !—madam I attend you.

[*Exit with Lucy, L. H.*

Stop. Bless me ! I forgot to ask either his name or address ; but doubtless he'll call in the morning. Terpsy dear, see the Hall door be locked double.

Terp. Yes, pa !

[*Crosses and Exit L. H.*

Stop. And Mrs S., lend me your arm, up stairs to bed, for really, love, I have been, as we say in the profession, well shaken. [*Exit supported by Mrs. S. R. H. Mrs S, takes a candle off with her.*]

Re enter TERPSICHORE, L. H.

Terp. If I could but hear that one of these Highwaymen, had shot that horrible Mr. Figgin's—I—[*Listening.*]

Scar J. (Outside L. H.) Terpsichore ! angel.

Terp. Ah ! as sure as my name is Terpsichore, that's his voice at the keyhole. Yes ; he's watched the light into pa's chamber and is here to renew his beautiful declarations—you may come in—[*Opens door & E. L. H. Scarlet Jack, enters.*] Speak low !

Scar J. My soul's love ! this letter, left for me at the Inn—

Terp. (On R. H.) Written by my pa, to decline your future visits—yes, and I am to become Mrs Figgin's. I'll die a thousand deaths sooner.

Scar J. I'll shoot the monster ?

Terp. Do !

Scar J. He would marry you for your little fortune ?

Terp. No doubt, but I'll disappoint him, I'll drown myself before I come of age, rather than he shall gain possession of the thousand pounds, left me by my poor aunt.

Scar J. (Aside.) A thousand pounds ! it will do—Terpsichore I am here for the last time. [*With affected emotion.*]

Terp. The last time ! [*Trembling.*]

Scar J. Unless you consent to go with me to London this night, and marry me in the Fleet to morrow ?

Terp. Be married to morrow ?—elope !

Scar J. Yes ; the Bath coach passes the end of the lane in a quarter of an hour ; it will aid our flight, and—

Terp. My father is unkind, and my mother talked of Mr. Figgin's—and you are forbid the house—I'm a very ill-treated daughter.

Scar J. (Horn in the distance, R. H.) Listen there's the coach.

Terp. This is so sudden—I—tremble my mother—my father.

Scar J. Would marry you to another—happy Figgin's !—well Terpsichore—for ever—[*As if going to rush out with emotion.*]

Terp. Stay a moment—I—give me my hat, then my cloak.

[Horn heard. He gives her the bonnet, and shawl, which she puts on with hurried agitation. The horn of the Coach sounds nearer and nearer. He draws her gently to the back scene; she repels him a moment, and running to the door, by which her Father and Mother retired, kneels down, as if invoking a blessing; she then sinks into Jack's arms, fainting. He supports her out, nearly insensible, the horn of the coach, still approaching.]

SCENE III.—*Landscape by Moonlight. Lamps down.*

Enter PAUL, L. H.

Paul. The moon looks smilingly to-night, as if auspicious of our coming fortune! Fortune! alas! what fortune can give happiness to a heart lost in the remembrance of beauty it can never possess? Lucy Brandon, I love her fondly, devotedly, but—alas! in vain. The difference of our conditions render hope impossible—for her awaits honour, dignity; for me—well, then, be it so—the road, the road!

SONG—PAUL.

Hurra! on Hounslow heath to roam—
 Hurrah for the stilly hour—
 When the moon looks pale from her lofty dome,
 As a maid from a battle tow'r.
 When sparks of fire from my courser's feet,
 Spring, flashing at every goad,
 And the distant sounds of wheels I greet,
 Then hurra! hurra for the road!

Stop—stop's the word all dread to hear—
 Your gold and your gems resign—
 When my pistol's cocked, and my look severe—
 For a desperate life is mine—
 How ladies scream—how with rage men glow,
 While their purses I unload.
 Then cry good night, with a smile and a bow,
 And hurra—hurra for the road!

What mirth, at jovial house of call,
 O'er wine cups our deeds to tell
 To forget, one day, we must pay for all,
 And swing high to the dismal bell. [*Bell tolls.*]
 Remorse, too late, this despised heart,
 Why with dungeon fetters bode,
 With courage I've liv'd, so with life I'll part—
 Then hurra—hurra for the road!

[*Exit, R. K.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Tunnel in the hollow-way on the Bath Road.*
The high road winds down the distant country. Moonlight.

Enter AUGUSTUS and NED, U. E. L. H.

Aug. Do you know what o'clock it is, Ned?

Scar. J. (*Looking at his Watch.*) On the strike of ten.
Hark!

Enter DUMMIE, from back.

Dum. He's a coming!

Scar. J. Who—the captain?

Dum. No; his lordship.

Aug. Lord Mauliverer.

Ned. How know you?

Dum. (*Comes to C.*) Let me rekiver my breath, and I'll tell you. Fooh! I hid myself under a truss of hay, just alongside a donkey, which was a feeding at the door of the post-house, and—fooh! and I hears——

Ned. (*Emphatically.*) Well, what is it you hears?

Dum. Why, I hears from his lordship's wally de shamble, who had sich a beautiful portmantel in his hand, how his lordship's coach was brick down, so he was a coming there to proceed in a blue fly.

Ned. The Bath coach?

Enter PAUL, hastily, 2 E. R. H.

Paul. The report is true; I heard the landlord of the Queen's Head speak of the circumstance ten minutes since. [*Horn.*] Listen!

Ned. The coach is leaving the village.

Paul. And if my eye deceive me not, there it comes.

Aug. and Ned. Captain, you are right.

Paul. Summon our comrades from the Red Cave; let us all be prepared, there are many passengers to contend with. [*Dummie whistles, at which*

Enter GENTLEMAN GEORGE, leading a band of Highwaymen.

Gen. G. Captain, what are your commands? we are all prepared.

Omnes. All—all!

Paul. (*Putting on a Mask.*) Put on your masks, then, and follow, we must receive his lordship with suitable dignity. Now to the hedge! to the hedge! courage and success! [*They go up the Ruins, and march out after Paul as if to meet the Coach—Dummie looks after them from behind the entrance*]

Dum. Ah! it's a mighty fine thing that fighting for gold if the treasurer be killed, what's the use of the money, besides, I don't know how it is, but I always feels a modest kind of a hincination not to put myself too forward in affairs of business, yet, I must say, I feels an unkimmon desire to go and look arter that ere portmantel—I think I will venture. [*Pisto fires*
E. L. H.] I—oh, la! [*Sneaks off.*]

Paul and Rob. (Outside.) Stop your horses!—wo—wo! Money or your lives! [*Noise and screams of Women.*]

Lord M. (Outside.) Wascals! what the devil are ye about?

Enter PAUL, NED, and AUGUSTUS, &c. leading forward the Horses which drag the Coach laden with Passengers, Boxes, &c.—Lord Mauleverer is dragged from the Coach by Augustus and Ned, the Robbers guarding the other Passengers.

Paul. (Presenting Pistols.) Stop—stop—stop! drag him from the carriage! Don't be alarmed, my lord, we merely require your watch, that diamond ring which adorns your finger, and your money.

Lord M. Weally, sir, I must say your wequest is so twuly polite, that I were worse than cruel to refuse you; my purse is not very full, and you may as well have it as one of my wascally duns, but my watch I have a love for, pon honor!

Paul. I understand, my lord. And, pray, at what do you value your watch?

Lord M. Humph! pwositively, I can't tell—I should say, twenty guineas.

Paul. Allow me to look at it?

Lord M. With wenarkable pleasure: it was too slow this morning.

Dum. (Cautiously observing, R. H.) It's going fast enough now.

Paul. Your lordship was too modest in your calculation permit me to assure you, that the diamonds on this watch are worth, at least, two hundred pounds. I have taken quite a fancy to it, but if you will write me a cheque for two hundred guineas, payable at your bankers—I know them—Lombard Street.

Lord M. Pardon me, but weally, it is impossible to write cheques without pen, ink, or paper, positively—eh?

Paul. Ah, your lordship will find that I have neglected nothing necessary for your lordship's accomodation—the back of a letter will do. [*He turns his Head to search in his Pocket-book for a Letter, Lord Mauleverer fires at him—Paul staggers, hurt.*]

Ned. Shoot that infernal lord at once.

Paul. (Starting up.) Hold! on your souls no bloodshed!

Ned. Your blood flows freely, and by his hands—why not his by ours?

Paul. Not so. while I am captain here, no blood shall be wantonly taken, and least of all to resent violence towards myself.

Dum. (*Aside, R. H.*) What an ero! I only wishes Mrs. Lob could see him now, he's so unkimmonly grand!

Paul. (*To Lord M.*) Would you like, sir, to try another pistol? [*Offering a Pistol of his own.*]

Lord M. Weally, pon honor, I'm exceedingly sorry that—

Paul. That your aim was not more certain. But we detain my lord in the night air, which is dangerous, especially to lords like Lord Mauleverer. Here is a paper on which your lordship can write a cheque; and suppose you double the amount, for you perceive I am wounded, and surgeons are famous as snipes for their long bills.

Lord M. Four hund—ah! with the most agweable satisfaction in life, anything to oblige so wespectable a gentleman. Wascal! your chapeau! [*Valentine, who stands on one side of Lord M.'s Portmanteau, let's it fall, and kneeling, offers the crown of his Hat for his master to write upon—Dummie, who has had an eye on the Portmanteau, takes it up.*]

Dum. How unkimmunly fortunate I'm here to take charge of this property, some rogue wou'd be a stealing it else. [*Carries it to the back—During this Scar. J. has brought forward Terp. from the Coach, insensible.*]

Paul. This lady demands assistance. How! the doctor's daughter here!

Scar. J. (*Placing his Finger on his Lip.*) My future wife.

Paul. (*Laughing.*) I invite myself to your wedding.

Ned. and Aug. And I—and I!

Terp. (*Terrified, having recovered.*) What said they?

Scar. J. Nothing, love; but that they will allow the coach to proceed for your sake without further violence. Come, resume your place. [*He conducts her back to the Coach, as Lord M. hands the Cheque to Paul.*]

Lord M. Sir, the cheque is fairly signed; the excessive gratification it affords me to hand it to you is the most exquisite thing in nature, pon honor!

Paul. Your lordship is too gracious. Good night, my lord!

Lord M. Good night! I shall see you again soon, no doubt—upon my soul, I hope so. [*Aside.*] On the gibbet. [*To Val.*] Wascal! open the door of the carriage.

Dum. (*Aside.*) Yes, and I'll open the portmantel. *Chorus of Highwaymen, all masked, and taking off their Hats to Lord M.*]

CHORUS.

Robbers. Good night, my lord.

Good night, my lord!

Lord M. Au revoir! au revoir!

Robbers. Good night, my lord!

Farewell, my lord.

Drive on coachee, fasten the door—

Good night, my lord—

Au revoir!

[*Paul bows Lord M. to the Coach, into which he enters; Paul ascends the Door—Val. and the other Passengers resume their places—Dum., apart, is opening the Portmanteau—The Robbers bow to Lord M.—He waves his Hand at Window, and the Coach drives on as the Drop falls.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A magnificent Apartment at Lord Mauleverer's, illuminated. A Staircase and Window.*

Various Characters dancing as the Scene opens—amongst them, LUCY, PAUL, LORD MAULEVERER, &c. Paul full dressed.

CHORUS.

Weave the fairy round of pleasure—
Hearts more light than footsteps bounding,
Bright eyes sparkling, sweet lips smiling,
Music's note enchanting sounding.
Time spreads wide her silken wing—
Laugh and dance, and banish sorrow.
Joy is here, but in its spring—
Wintry woe may come to-morrow.

Enter NED and AUGUSTUS, R. H., as Officers, observing the Dancers. Lord M. and Sir William B. advance, L. H.

Lord M. My dear Sir William, who the dweuce is Miss Bwandon dancing with? 'Pon honour, the fellow excites the admiwation of the women in such a wemarkable manner, it's absolutely widiculous!

Sir W. It's a gentleman we met with by accident at Bath—a very amiable young man, I assure you; a—a—Captain Clifford.

Lord M. I don't wecollect issuing any cards to a person of that name; but as all my fwiends are not pwesent, I can't say but some of my admissions may have been twansferred, psitively. Now, Clifford is just one of the names selected by persons of no name of their own. Ha! he appwoaches! do, Sir William, cwoss-question him a little; it's absolutely in-

dispensable that you should know who is paying such remarkable attention to your niece. [*Retires and listens. Clifford comes down, L. H.*]

Sir W. Ah, Captain Clifford ! have you left my niece ?

Paul. Miss Brandon has given her hand for the next cotillion, sir, to a Mr. Muskwell.

Sir W. Good family name that, sir ; comes from Primrose Hall. By the bye, captain, I forget where you said your family resided ?

Lord M. (*Listening on L. H.*) Excellent ruse, 'pon honor !

Paul. Family ? Oh, my dear sir, I descend from a very ancient family, indeed.

Lord M. (*Aside.*) As old as Adam, no doubt !

Sir W. In what part of the world did you say, sir ?

Paul. (*Carelessly.*) Scotland, sir—Scotland !

Sir W. And you belonged to—what regiment, did you say, sir ?

Paul. (*Aside.*) What the devil does all this mean ? [*Observing Lord M.*] Oh ! what regiment, sir—the Rifles ! the Rifles !

Lord M. I suspected as much ! Wives ! he ! he !

Sir W. Gallant body of men, sir. They say it's a famous regiment for promotion.

Paul. Famous, sir. And what is more, no man envies his comrade's elevation.

Sir W. Excellent ! I long to be acquainted with such a corps—gentlemen who, doubtless, have many other good qualifications.

Paul. It has been proved, sir, that the meanest amongst them would scorn, at any bribe, to play the detestable part of a spy, even to detect his most suspected enemy. [*Goes up to meet Lucy.*]

Lord M. Weally, I don't understand what the fellow means by spwy !

Sir W. (*Aside.*) His lordship's ears tingle a little, I should think. [*Lucy advances from U. E. R. H. with company, &c.*]

Enter VALENTINE and Servants, down Stairs.

Val. Supper is served !

Lord M. Allow me to lead the way. Countess, your arm ! [*All exeunt up stairs—Paul detains Lucy.*]

Paul. (*Giving note.*) Miss Brandon, on this depends my doom ; I wait the verdict from your lips ! [*Exit U. E. R. H.*]

Lucy. How extraordinary is this circumstance ! What means he ? [*Reads.*] “ I entreat—I implore you, see me alone, if

but for one single instant. I propose to tear myself from the place in which you reside, to go abroad. One moment—by the purple lamp in the pavilion, at the end of the avenue, is all I ask." "P. C." The request is singular! Ought I—dare I to comply? He appeared unhappy—troubled. An instant is soon ended. They will scarcely miss me from the table. My heart—my curiosity, I mean—impels me. I will follow!

RONDO.

By the light, which in his eye,
 Sadly told a suffering heart,
 I'll not leave him—no, I cannot—
 So in sorrow to depart.
 Friends may chide me, foes deride me,
 He perhaps be form'd of art—
 Still some pitying angel whispers,
 Let him not unheard depart!
 Yes, the light, &c.

{Exit R. H.

Enter DUMMIE, in a tawdry livery, followed by VALENTINE and Two Servants, down steps, c.

Dum. But I say, this is unkimmerly rude, in one gentleman of the livery to another.

Val. I'm sure it's the same voice, and I'm positive you're the same man.

Enter NED and AUGUSTUS down Stairs.

Ned. What dispute is this with my fellow?

Dum. There, you see, I'm this here gentleman's servant?

Val. Then it is time he should know your character.

Dum. Well, and so he does; disn't you, sir?

Ned. I think, nobody better.

Dum. Disn't I take care of things?

Ned. Nobody better!

Val. Yes; especially of portmanteaus. Where's the green silk purse you filched out of my pocket?

Dum. Now, gentlemen, you hears this! Supposing as how I wasn't the most innocentest futman in England, why this here rascal——

Val. Rascal! Recollect, hound, you are not amongst your stage coach robbing companions now. I'll soon show the world what you are; and if ever there was a rogue hanged——come along!

Dum. Why, master, you won't see your faithful wally used in this unkimminly unhorsepital vay, I hopes.

Ned. Oh, as to that—it's beneath the dignity of a gentleman to interfere in the low disputes of his servants. Come,

Augustus—[*Apart.*]—if we are not off we shall be suspected—that fool will betray us !

Aug. But the captain——

Ned. He's taken the hint before. [*To Val.*] My friend, if you think the scoundrel deserves it, punish him severely. I'll give you a crown when we meet again. Now, Augustus, allons !

[*Exeunt L. H.*]

Dum. Oh, la ! I shall be left in pawn here, I sees that, clear enough. Now, I tells you what—if so being as you doesn't let go my collar, I'll—I'm a honester man as ever hentered this here house !

Val. Help ! help ! thieves ! [*They struggle—pieces of Plate, &c. fall from Dummie's coat. Lord Mauleverer, Sir William Brandon, and Servants re-enter down stairs. Dummie knocks the things out of Servants' hands, runs up stairs, &c.—Scene closes.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber. A practicable door 1 E. R. H.*

Enter PAUL, leading on LUCY.

Lucy. Indeed, Captain Clifford, I fear that it is very improper in me to meet you thus, almost a stranger to me—your family unknown to me—the world——

Paul. Madam, what the world thinks of me avails nothing, if I dared to hope that you would not despise me.

Lucy. Despise you ! I—oh, no !

Paul. Ah, lady, every one courts you ; the proud, the rich—all are at your feet, You will select one of that number for your husband ; may he watch over you, as I would have done—love you, as I do, he cannot ! [*Falls at her feet.*]

Lucy. Captain Clifford, for this I was unprepared—I must retire.

Paul. Stay, but for one moment. I am unworthy of you, Miss Brandon. Under fairer auspices, I might have been other than I am. Bless you, Miss Brandon ! Lucy, bless you—[*Kissing her hand.*] and now, farewell ! [*Going.*]

Lucy. Oh, Clifford, why will you not trust me ? You do not know me. You are ignorant of my nature if you think me unworthy of your confidence.

Paul. A destiny, irrevocable, o'ershadows my every dream of happiness.

Lucy. You would leave the country——

Paul. Oh, yes ! in a foreign service—in a foreign land, I may one day become worthy even of you. When the gay guests have departed, has Miss Brandon the courage to meet me here, alone ? when—yes, all shall be explained.

Lucy. Listen to me; tell me your history, or not, as you will. You profess to love me. I have the fond hope, that if you have been unfortunate, I may console you. I know, Mr. Clifford, I am saying that for which many would despise me—but there is some power in my heart, urges me, despite myself—An hour hence, then, will I meet you here.

DUETT—PAUL and LUCY.

PAUL.

I'll tell thee, when we meet again,
My heart's unseen distress,
Which none but he who feels it's pain,
Can e'er express.

LUCY.

I'll hear thee when we meet again,
Thine ev'ry thought confess—
And mine the power, thy bosom's pain
I will redress.

BOTH.

Sweet lady ere the glorious ray,
I promise
Forsake the dewy plain,
Oh, whisper but one word to say—
Or ere the dark night fly the day—
We'll meet again!

Enter SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, LORD MAULEVERER,
VALENTINE, and Two Servants, at Door.

Lord M. Lock that door! [*They do so, and give him the key.*]

Lucy. Heavens! my uncle!

Paul. What means this violent proceeding?

Lord M. I cannot but be happy, sir, that my poor place has afforded you any convenience, as regards this incomprehensible interview with Miss Brandon: but if I am not very impertinent, sir, may I ask by what means you and your friends, who have abruptly departed, became possessed of the cards of admission to my fefe?

Paul. My lord, do you suspect——

Lord M. Because, Captain Clifford, those cards happen to be counterfeit—they do, upon my wesponsibility! But passively, Captain Clifford, you and I have met before. I certainly wecollect your voice—it weminds me of a wascal's who stopped me on my woad to Bath—a highwayman!

Paul. For this insult I will demand satisfaction elsewhere. the present, I leave you, with feelings of scorn!

Lord M. (*Making a sign to Servants.*) No, sir—'pon honor, you stir not from this place 'till I am twuly convinced of——

Paul. That key, sir—or, by every indignant feeling——
[*Seizing Lord M. who gives the key to Brandon.*]

Lord M. Am I to be massacred? [*To Servants.*] Scoundrels! Why don't you assist me? [*The Servants sei e Paul—a miniature falls from his breast.*] What have we here? Perhaps Lucy's miniature. Sure I should remember those features! [*Shews miniature to Sir W.*]

Sir W. Oh, heaven! my wife! and he is, perhaps——
Ha! that thought——[*Falls, senseless, on chair L. H.*]

Lord M. My friend! [*Hurrying to Sir W. who is insensible—the Servants release Paul, and supports Sir W. who has dropped the key.*]

Lucy. (*Who gets on L. II. of Sir W.*) My dear uncle! Ha! this key! [*Seeing Paul trying the door, she runs and unlocks it, and, with a gesture of gratitude, he escapes.*]

Sir W. Ah! where am I? Lucy—it was no dream! Where is he? [*Looking about.*]

Lord M. Why, he has escaped! and, curse me, if he hasn't locked us in! The scoundrel! force the door, and follow—he eludes not me! [*They force the door open—Lord M. and Servants exeunt.*]

Lucy. Should they overtake him!

Sir W. Heaven grant they may!—some explanation of my faithless wife I may obtain through him. I cannot delay an instant—I must follow and learn the worst? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A miserable attic, with a broken window on L. H. flat, commanding a view of house tops. A door in flat R. H.*

TERPSICHORE discovered, in shabby mourning, writing a letter, by a miserable lamp. SALLY stands R. H. of Table.

Terp. “My dear Father,—I have at length summoned resolution to write to you. I think, if I could but see you, and my poor mother once again—to cast myself at your feet—to hear your lips pronounce forgiveness—that I could die content—that I could follow to the grave, him who persuaded me to abandon my once happy home——” [*She bursts into tears, and buries her face in her hands on the Table.*]

Sally. Yes, he is dead—but what of that?—there are many as good men as ever Scarlet Jack was, have been carried off by the sessions, before his time, and many that will be carried off by the sessions to come. A gentleman who risks his life on the road, knows what he has to expect, and where's the use of weeping and wailing, when a man's once gone?

Terp. (*Bitterly.*) He was my husband!

Sally. Men are all tyrants—they know their power, and abuse it accordingly. Imitate my example—never let a single

tear dim the lustre of your eye, for the best fellow amongst them.

Terp. You are mistaken—you have only looked upon mankind in their worst light. If you had known some, all goodness, all tenderness—[*Bursting into tears.*] Oh, my dear—dear father! [*Sinking into the chair. Noise of footsteps.*]

Sally. Hark! what noise was that? Should it be the police! but what is there here to suspect? Ah! is that you, Ned Pepper? [*Music. The door is suddenly opened and NED enters, followed by AUGUSTUS—they are evidently disguised, and drag in with them a trunk, &c.*]

Ned. We are safe from pursuit! Sally, double bolt the door.

Aug. (*Looking out at window.*) I thought the dogs were at our heels. [*Listening.*] All's right, Ned.

Ned. Now for the booty. [*Opening the trunk.*]

Sally. What have you got there?

Ned. A trunk, which dropped off the York Safety. *Safety!* ha, ha, ha! [*They laugh.*] This is brave plunder! [*Shewing plate from the trunk.*] It shall be well disposed of in the morning. Put it away, Augustus—and you, Sally, give us a draught of liquor. I parch!

Sally. (*Sulkily.*) I have neither liquor nor monies.

Ned. No money! Have you any blunt, Augustus.

Aug. Only a counterfeit half guinea.

Ned. (*Taking a silver box from trunk.*) Stay—take th's patch box to the pawn shop, Sally—[*Taking a spoon from trunk.*] you'll be back on the instant. [*She goes out R. H. D. in F.*] Now, Augustus, into the false floor with the goods.

Terp. Alone—with such companions. *She rises to retire.*]

Ned. (*Detaining her.*) Who the deuce are you? I didn't see you before. She's damned pretty!

Aug. (*Who is dragging away the trunk to R. H.*) Don't you know her? that's Scarlet Jack's widow——

Ned. Who's to have a thousand pounds when she comes of age. My dear, I and your husband had a great esteem for each other, and I always promised that I would marry his unprotected widow.

Aug. (*Drags out trunk 2 E. R. H.*) And the thousand pounds

Terp. Release me! I beg—I entreat! I wish to quit this house for ever!

Ned. (*Detaining her as she endeavours to go out.*) Nonsense, child; extinguish those bright eyes in the country? No no—London's the place for you. Look at me—you won't find a prettier fellow 'twixt Bow Church and Temple Bar.

Terp. Let go my hand, I implore! Consider I am a woman distressed—heart-broken—friendless!

Ned. I'll marry you to-morrow—upon my soul, I'm in earnest ! By this kiss, I——[*Attempts to kiss her.*]

Terp. (*Struggling.*) Ruffian ! help, help !

Enter PAUL, interposing, D. 2 E. L. H.

Paul. What conduct is this, Ned Pepper ? offering insult to a woman !

Ned. She's my wife ! Scarlet Jack left her to me as a legacy. [*Takes off and throws down cloak, &c.*]

Paul. Scarlet Jack ! [*Looking at Terp.*] Ah, surely I should know that face—the doctor's daughter, of——

Terp. Oh, yes—and I know you also. Pray pity me. I am a miserable wretch, decoyed from my home—rash, mad, deceived, but not guilty. Oh, sir, in mercy restore me to my parents. I have broken their hearts, perhaps they are dead ! pray—pray restore me to them, even if it be in their grave. [*Weeping bitterly.*]

Paul. Poor girl ! Come with me—I swear to protect you.

Ned. (*Interposing.*) Stay, Clifford, you take it upon you too much in this instance. Give me up that girl, or——

Paul. (*Firmly—passing her over to L. H.*) Ned, did you not hear me swear to protect her—and when did Paul Clifford ever break his word ?

Ned. (*Ferociously.*) I see how this will terminate—you and I must fight out the difference.

Paul. (*Drawing his sword.*) With all my heart—at least I'll guard the door while the girl escapes.

Ned. If you were fifty times Paul Clifford, this I'd not endure ! [*Draws—they fight.*]

Terp. (*At door.*) Oh, heaven ! escape is vain—[*Falls, fainting, into a chair*—the stairs are filled with officers !]
[*Recoiling.*]

Enter SALLY, hastily, R. H. D. Augustus re-enters R. H.

Paul. Officers !

All. Officers !

Sally. Yes, the silver box has been detained. An old gentleman, who was making enquiries in the neighbourhood about his lost daughter, being in the shop, knew the crest.
[*Noise without. Sally crosses and exit R. H.*]

Ned. They are here—flight is in vain.

Enter Two Officers, Four Bailiffs, DR. SLOPPERTON, &c.

L. H. D.

Slop. (*Pointing to Ned.*) 'Tis the very man ! I saw him take the trunk out of the inn yard ; and the crest advertised on the plate is the same.

Officer. Sieze the plunderers ! [Ned and Augustus are secured.] And this person also ? [Looking at Paul.]

Slop. (*Staring at Paul.*) That per—no—sure I should know that face ! Why, it is my brave young defender ! I'll be responsible for this gentleman. Take away those rascals ! [To Paul.] My friend !

Paul Doctor !

Ned. Rascals—gentleman—hem ! it's a rare distinction. However, don't be under the least apprehension, captain, we won't peach—honour—mum—your hand !

Paul. (*With emotion.*) Ned !

Ned. Oh, don't fret, your chance may come next. Augustus, let us walk together. Have you any snuff about you ? [They go out, taking snuff, followed by the Officers, &c. L. H. D.]

Slop. (*Apart.*) What ails you, my friend ? You don't forget that you saved my life, eh ?

Paul. (*Apart.*) He little thinks that he this moment has, perhaps, saved mine.

Slop. Oh, sir ! all is changed since you were at my house. My poor wife broken-hearted—my disobedient girl——

Paul. Have you not seen her ?

Slop. Alas, no—I have enquired for her every where. I heard that she was in this neighbourhood, but——

Paul. She was here this moment——

Slop. (*Looking about.*) Here ?

Paul. Yes—see—behold !

Slop. Ah, my lost one, I have thee again ! Look up, child ! I meant to curse thee, but I can't—no, no, no ! [Kissing her.] Bless thee—bless—blcss thee ! Look up, I say. Come, to thy mother—we'll be so happy—so happy !

Terp. That still affectionate voice ! Do not look at me, father ; I cannot look at you. You forgive me, father—you forgive me—my own dear, dear father ! Ha, ha, ha ! [Sinks into his arms with an hysterical laugh.]

Enter SIR WILLIAM and DUMMIE.

Sir W. (*To Paul.*) Thanks to this good fellow, I've tracked your steps.

Dum. (*Coming down.*) Yes, it's all diskivered. I was cotched, and told Sir William all about Mrs. Lobbs and the pickter.

Sir W. (*Showing Miniature.*) This miniature—is it not of your mother ?

Paul. Yes, my poor deserted mother ! [Kissing miniature,]

Slop. Ah, Sir William ! I have found my daughter.

Sir W. And I, in this young man, my son!

Paul. Your son! Oh, sir—[*Falling at his feet.*]

Sir W. The tale is too long too be told here. Let us quit this wretched place. [*Noise of footsteps heard.*]

Dum. Oh, la! there's lots of sodgers, and that unkimminly busy Lord Mallower, at the door.

Sir W. (To *Paul.*) Is there no way to avoid him?

Paul. Yes; by the window.

Sir W. Fly, then, and meet me within the hour at this address.

Paul. I go. Farewell!

Slop. Heaven will befriend you for your goodness to me and my poor child. [*Paul gets out at the window.*]

Sir W. Let us depart.

Slop. Come, my daughter!

Terp. To my mother—my dear mother! [*Exeunt L. H. D.*]

Dum. Wherever leetel *Paul* goesis, I gis also. [*Gets out at window.*]

SCENE IV.—*A landing-place, near the Tower, commanding a view, through an archway, of the River and Shipping. On one side is a part of the Tower, on the other a Tavern, with a sign, "George the Second's Head."*

Sailors, &c. discovered drinking. Enter DUMMIE, peeping in,
R. H.

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Hurra for the bowl,
That can light up the soul—
And hurra for the lads of the sea!
Three cheers for the brave,
Who can conquer to save,
Hurra for the sons of the sea!

Dum. All's right. While I secures a boat of them sailing chaps you may enter here. I knows it's a safe place. [*He beckons on Paul, who is followed by Sir William Brandon—Dummie advances to the Sailors, and appears bargaining for a boat. Dummie and Sailors go out together, L. H.*]

Paul. And my mother, you say, sir, abandoned her husband and her home——

Sir W. We had been scarcely married a year, ere, led by a wretch to believe me unfaithful, to revenge herself she fled with her betrayer, leaving you, her infant, my only consolation. Two years had elapsed when my house was beset by robber—they entered my very bed-room, in which you with myself

were sleeping, headed by a woman, who, though fearfully changed indeed, I recognized to be your mother. "Brandon!" she cried, in hoarse, denouncing accents, "I am miserable—why should you be happy? My child! I will no longer live from child! or, were it only to be revenged on you, its father, I would bear it thus away!" So saying, while the ruffians overpowered me, she snatched you, frantically in her arms, and suddenly disappeared, nor, from that moment, could I ever gain the least intelligence of either her, or yourself, 'till the miniature falling from your bosom fortunately assured me that I had found my long lost son!

Paul. There cannot be a doubt.

Sir W. None. The woman—to whose house I speedily pursued your steps—has told me all the sad circumstances of your mother's death, and of your——

Paul. Mine have been errors of the head, not of heart. Thrown by early neglect into bad society, I scarcely knew the difference between vice and virtue, but my hand is free from bloodshed—I never wronged, but always defended, the unfortunate.

Sir W. (*As Dummie re-enters.*) Now, friend, is the boat in readiness?

Dum. (*Whimpering.*) Oh, no! It's all up wi' leetle Paul! That unkimminly busy man, Lord Mollyrower, has gone and laid a lumbargo on every cockle-shell, both on and under the vater—[*Drum beats.*—and as I lives here he's coming with a corps of sodgers to take the captain! [*Lord Maulever enters with a Corporal and a body of Soldiers.*] He's got the warrant in his hand! Now he's a going to sarve it on leetle Paul!

Lord M. (*Bowing to Paul.*) Captain Brandon, I salute you. [*The Soldiers salute Paul at the same time.*]

Paul. Captain Brandon! What am I to understand——

Lord M. A few words from the lips of your father, Sir William, revealed to me your secret. I had not quite forgotten the way in which you wescued me from the hands of those wascals, who would so kindly have cut my throat on the Bath road. On the score of old friendship there—[*To Sir W.*]—and the score of gretitude here—[*To Paul.*]—allow me to present you with this commission—under the Duke of Cumberland—to join the forces in aid of the Queen of Hungary—an enterprize in which a brave heart may be certain to find both honour and advancement.

Sir W. My friend?

Paul. My benefactor!

Dum. Oh, if leetle Paul's a going for a sodger. won't

enlist also—it's a unkimminly fine opportunity. Muster Corporal, I just troubles you for a silver George! [*He speaks apart to the Corporal.*]

Lord M. But here comes one in whose gentle mind originated the design. She is anxious to breathe a prayer on the young soldier's embarkation.

Enter LUCY, DR. SLOPPERTON, and TERPSICHORE.

Sir W. Perhaps to share it. Lucy, your cousin——

Lucy. (*Tenderly.*) My cousin! [*Accepting Paul's hand.*]

Paul. My own dear cousin! The Doctor also! [*Crosses to Sir W.*]

Slop. Yes, and even my poor Terpsichore.

Terp. (*Crosses to Paul.*) Her brave defender from insult will never be forgotten!

Paul. A foreign foe and a brave sword shall justify me in my country's good opinion. Thus resolved, may I not dare to hope? Pardon for the faults of Paul Clifford.

Enter Sailors and Lasses.

FINALE.

PAUL.

Farewell, dear old England!

God bless dear old England!

And all the friends I leave behind.

When deeds of martial glory

Shall tell my brighter story,

'Tis here renown I hope to find.

Farewell, dear old England, &c.

LUCY.

Heaven shield the soldier!

God bless the soldier!

To honour's noblest cause inclined.

When deeds of future glory

Shall tell his brighter story,

Yes, here renown long may he find.

Chorus. Heaven shield the soldier, &c.

Omnes. Huzza!

[*During the Chorus the Drum beats—the English flag is displayed—a shot is fired from the Tower—a Vessel appears to be going up the River, displaying the arms of Cumberland as her Ensign—a body of Soldiers march over the archway, &c. as if for the purpose of embarkation. Grand Picture.*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

The New British Theatre.

12 Alexander Tra- vestie	263 Faith & Falsehood	312 Duenna	359 Memoirs of the Devil
13 Nervous Man	264 My Fellow Clerk	313 Devil's Daughters	360 Cousin Lambkin
14 Fidelio	265 Peregrinations of Pickwick	314 Bandit of the Blind Mine	361 Miser's Daughter
15	266 Cupid	315 My Lord is not my Lord	362 My Valet and I
16 Woman's the Devil	267 No Followers	316	363 Antony and Cleo- patra (Farce)
17 Evil May Day	268 The Assignment	317 A Close Siege	364 Pride of Birth
18 Dice of Death	269 King John Tra- vestie	318 Miller of Mans-	365 Court Fool
19 Wapping Old	270 A Quiet Day	319 [field	366 Captain Charlotte
20 Ancestress [Stairs	271	320 Double Gallant	367 Yankee Notes
21 Mabel's Curse	272 Parole of Honour	321 Clandestine Mar- riage [Alive	368 Angel of the Attic
22 Whistler	273 Joan of Arc	322 Happiest Man	369 Ondine
23 Black Domino	274 Last Nail	VOL. XXI.	370 Asmodeus, the Little Devil
24 Maiden's Fame	VOL. XVIII.	323 Serpent of Nile	VOL. XXIV.
25 Jacket of Blue	275 Isaura the Maniac	324 Pink of Politeness	371 Aline
VOL. XV.	276 Black Domino— (Opera)	325 Mast. Humphrey's Clock	372 Double-bedded Room [Floor
26 Midshipman Easy	277 Pascal Bruno	326	373 My Wife's Second
27 New Way to Pay Old Debts	278 King's Wager	327 Ruby Ring	374 Ambassador's Lady [fast
28 Rose of Corbeil	279 Wanted a Brigand	328 Jane of the Hat-	375 Wedding Break-
29 Negro of Wapping	280 I and my Double	329 Marceline [chet	376 Linda
30 Mary's Dream	281 'Tis She	330 Like Father, like Son	377 Siege of Rochelle
31	282 Bell Ringer of St. Paul's	331 Guido Fawkes	378 Moral Philosopher
32	283 Orphan of Wreck	332 Englishmen in India	379 Railroad Trip
33 The Tempter	284 Conquering Game	333 Temple of Death	380 My Wife's Come
34 Love and Charity	285 My Sister Kate	334 Helen Oakleigh	381 Bohemians of Paris
35 Charming Polly	286 King's Gardener	335 Railroad Station	382 Meg Murnock
36	287 King of the Mist	336 Loss of the Royal George	383 Lesson for Gen- tlemen
37 Little Sins and Pretty Sinners	288 Latin, Love, & War	337 Robespierre	384 Old Curiosity Shop
38 Gaspardo the Gondolier	289 Rear Admiral	338 White Milliner	385 Christmas Carol
39 Dream of Fate	290 Fairy Lake	VOL. XXII.	386 King Richard ye Third
40 Grey Doublet	VOL. XIX.	339 Sergeant's Wed- ding [missed	VOL. XXV.
41 Pedro the Cruel	291 John Bull	340 Fairly hit & fairly	387 Roll of the Drum
VOL. XVI.	292 Loves of Lord Bateman	341 Innkeeper's Daughter	388 Young Scamp
42 The Emigrant's Daughter	293 Idiot Boy of Heilberg	342 My Wife's Dentist	389 Mistaken Story
43 Pacha's Pets	294 Wedding Gown	343 Rubber of Life	390 Whitefriars
44 Self Accusation	295 Mountaineers	344 Teddy Roe	391 Signal
45 Jacques Strop	296 Death Plank	345 Barnaby Rudge	392 Barack Johnson
46 Blue Jackets	297 Iron Chest	346 Il Paddy Whack in Italia	393 Post of Honour
47	298 Behind the Scenes	347 Lady & Gentleman in a Perplexing Predicament	394 The Polka
48 Balance of Com-	299 Little Back Par- lour	348 Cousin Peter	395 Soldier's Orphan
49 Louise [fort	300	349 Queen of Cyprus	396 Georgy Barnwell
50 Lord Darnley	301 Lady of Lamoy the	350 Windmill	397 River God
51 Wren Boys	302 Love's Labour's Lost	351 Bathing	398 Guardian Sylph
52 Ambassadors	303 Alive and Merry	352 Nick of the Woods	399
53 Delicate Atten- tions	304 Lochinvar	353 Norma	400 Martin Chuzzlewit
54 Truand Chief	305 Military Execution	354 Meet me by Moon- light	401 Milliner's Holiday
55 What have I done	306 Therese	VOL. XXIII.	402 Judith of Geneva
56 Jealousy	VOL. XX.	355 New Footman	VOL. XXVI.
57 The Brothers	307 Good Night's Rest	356 Lucky Stars	403
58 Farinelli	308 Poor Gentleman	357	404 Mysteries of Paris
VOL. XVII.	309	358 Norma Travestie	405 Don Cesar de Bazan
59 Tom Tiller and Jack Mizen	310 A Night in the Bastille		406 Protector
60 Murphy's Wea- ther Almanack	311 Crichton, or the Dragon Knight		407 Seated Sentence
61 Rape of the Lock			408 Young England
62 Virginus the Rum-un.			409 Home Again

The New British Theatre.

410 Review [ding	444 Last Kiss	473 The Secret	VOL. XXXII
411 Corporal's Wed-	445 Laid up in Port	479 Tom Smart	514 Clarence Clev
412 House Dog	446 [House	480 Traveller's Room	515 Unprotected
413 La Dame de St.	447 Blechington	481 Crock of Gold	male
Tropez [pol	448 Sister and I	VOL. XXXI.	516 Turnpike Ga
414 Margaret Ca ch-	449 Loan of a Wife	482 Peggy Green	517 Nell Gwynn
415 Smoked Miser	VOL. XXIX.	483 Deserted Mill	(Jerrold)
416 Madelaine	450 Above and Below	484	518 Three Cucko
417 Widow Bewitched	451 Weaver of Lyons	485 Damon & Pythias	519 Three Prince
418 Midnight	452 Advice to Hus-	486 Marguerite's Co-	520 Adam Buff
VOL. XXVII.	bands	lours [Joke	521
419 Another Glass	453 Barber and Bravo	487 A Devilish Good	522 Not to be Do
420 Secret Foe	454 Mrs. Harris	488 Bedroom Window	523 White Slave
421 King and I	455 Fellow Servants	489 Old Honesty	524 102, or the Vet
422 Mrs. Caudle's	456 Battle of Life	490 Jonathan [dies	and his Pro
Curtain Lecture	457 Hand of Cards	491 Nice Young La-	525 Blood Red Kn
(Lyceum)	458 Queen of Abruzzi	492 Going to the Derby	526 Sent to the Te
423 Powder and Ball	459 £500 Reward	493 Tutor's Assistant	527 Allow me to
424 Mrs. Caudle, or	460 Raby Rattler	494 Poor Pillicoddy	logize
Curtain Lectures	461 Lilly Dawson	495 Founded on Facts	528 Temptation
(Princess's)	462 Little Nun [favour	496 Midnight Watch	529 Teacher Tau
425 Love in Livery	463 Kissing goes by	497	VOL. XXXIV
426 Faith, Hope, and	464 Perourou, the	VOL. XXXII.	530 Belphegor
427 Lestelle [Charity	Bellows Mender	498 Roman Actor	531 Hans Von St
428 Wolsey	165	499 Dance of the Shirt	532 Greek Slave
429 Lodgings for Sin-	VOL. XXX.	500 Marimon [Bud	533 Bould Soger
gle Gentlemen	466 The Discarded	501 Brigands in the	534 Azazel the Proc
430	Daughter	502 Lost Diamonds	535 Robert the B
431 Railway King	467 Bridge of Notre	503 Idiot of the Mill	536 Ragged Schol
432 Popping in & Out	Dame	504 The Trumpeter's	537 Last of the Fa
433 Who's the Com-	468 Buffalo Girls	Wedding	538 Scarlet Mantl
poser?	469 Obi, or 3-fingered	505 Sixteen String	539 Alice May
VOL. XXVIII.	Jack	Jack	540 A Plain Cook
434 Cut for Partners	470 Anchor of Hope	506 Separate Mainte-	541 Peter the Gre
435 Minut Gun at Sea	471 Rival Sergeants	nance	542
436 Mendicant's Son	472 Rag Picker of Paris	507 Mother's Bequest	543 Wellington a
437 Cricket on Hearth	473 Who do they take	508 Manager in Dis-	Waterloo
438 Phisom Break-	me for?	tress	544 The Gold Fle
439 Norah Creina [fast	474	509 Gipsy Farmer	545 Old Adam
440	475 Out on the sly	510 Chamber Practice	546 Lamplighter
441 Sea King's Vow	476 Industry and In-	511 It's only my Aunt	547 Bar faced Im
442 Done Brown	dolence [band?	512 Royal Red Book	tors
443 On the Tiles	477 Who's my Hus-	513	

Plays—Sixpence each

Ring, or Farmer's Daughter	Pretender, or Rose of Alvey
Bell Ringer, or Hunchback.	Wizard Priest, or the Hall
Notre Dame	Love's Frailties [of Fate
Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green	Battle of Waterloo
Court of Queen Anne, or the	Agnes de Vere, 1s.
Prince & the Breeches Maker	Abelard and Heloise, 1s.
Sixtus the Fifth	Scamps of London, 1s.
Wild Boy of Bohemia	Irish Heiress, 1s.
A Night with the 10 Thieves	Frightened to Death, 2s.
Casco Bay	Brother and Sister, 1s.
Elephant of Siam	Heart of London, 1s.
Maid of Switzerland	Monsieur Mallet, 2s.
Richd. Turpin and Tom King	Fatal Curiosity, 1s.
Cateran's Son or the Dread	Giselle, 2s.
of Military Punishment	Carnival of Naples 1s.

548 Shooting the
549 Dred